

UTTOXETER GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL CHRONICLE

No. 35

"Non uni sed omnibus"

DECEMBER 1961

President: MISS ROSS.

Committee: MRS. QUICK, MISS RICE, ANN CHAPMAN.

EDITORIAL

HAVING been informed recently by one of our fellow-students in the Sixth Form that she "never reads the Editorial", we toyed with the idea of sending this issue of the magazine to press without this customary survey of the year's activities, but decided that such an innovation was too revolutionary.

The wide range of the School's extra-curriculum activities is what has particularly impressed us, extending as it does from conferences to parties and taking an interest in the ideals of the United Nations as well as in our domestic farming methods, water supply and hospital system.

As usual we have seen some interesting films and plays. The Language Master at the Grammar school again arranged a showing of a French film at the Elite Cinema, and we were also able to see the incomparable "La Troupe Française" in a performance of "Britannicus". Mr. Keen was welcomed enthusiastically when he came twice this year bringing classics of the screen, the soft sepia colouring of the historical film, "The Young Mr. Pitt", being especially delightful. Theatre visits figured largely in our programme: various groups of girls saw "Noah" at Abbotsholme, "Cymbeline" and "Pygmalion" in Burton, "Macbeth" at Coventry and "As You Like It" at Stratford. This last visit was particularly enjoyed, for we were able to spend the whole day beside the Avon, visiting Shakespeare's Birthplace and Anne Hathaway's cottage, and catching some of the excitement in the atmosphere. The play was presented with simplicity of decor, a great oak tree being the centrepiece of each scene, so that there was an uninterrupted flow of action, while variety was given by the clever use of lighting, throwing at one time a casement shadow across the grass and at

another time suggesting dawn in the forest. We should like to thank all those members of the Staff who give their time and take so much trouble to organise these Theatre visits and other outings, and to assure them that we really appreciate all they do.

The School's musical education has been deepened this year in several ways, notably by our taking part in the singing of the St. Matthew Passion music in Lichfield Cathedral and by our visiting the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen. We had never before been to a festival of this kind, and were greatly struck by the friendliness of the many peoples in this great field set among the Welsh hills. The colourful national costumes and the interesting national music and dancing which we saw and heard not only in the great tent but also in impromptu performances outside have left with us a lively memory and a sense of the possibility of international co-operation where there is goodwill.

Increased membership and the greater activity of the Student Christian Movement and the Council for Education in World Citizenship have been pleasing features of this year, as have the strenuous efforts made by members of each House on behalf of its Charity.

Our "Great Occasions" all took place satisfactorily, prizegivings, carol service, and Birthday, and we owe our thanks to the busy people who found time to visit and speak to us.

As you probably know, Miss Ross is planning to retire at Easter. She will be sorely missed and school will not be the same place without her. Our next issue will carry much more on this subject but we felt that we could not close this Editorial without a mention of an event that will affect us all so nearly. We can only hope that School will continue to be as happy and efficient a body as she has made it.

ANN CHAPMAN.

SCHOOL GOVERNORS

We congratulate Mrs. D. M. Whitmore on her appointment as Chairman of the Governors and Mrs. D. Herbert as Vice-Chairman.

Miss Susan Willmot, who had been a very active Governor for more than fifteen years, died in February. She had always been a good friend of the School.

Mr. W. E. Elkes, the Rev. O. A. Ede, Mr. C. Tunncliffe and Mrs. W. Finnikin (Parents' Guild) have now joined the Governing Body.

STAFF NEWS

It was with regret at the end of the summer term that we said goodbye to Miss Evans who has now retired from the profession. As Housemistress of Red Gables and assistant in the Mathematics department she took an active interest in the School. We wish her happiness and good health in her retirement.

We are pleased to welcome Mrs. Hedges, her successor at Red Gables, who has had a difficult start to her first year among us owing to Mrs. Ingham's illness. We hope her load will soon be lighter and that Matron will speedily be restored to good health. To Mrs. Goodwin, who has now left us after six years as head of the Geography department, we offer congratulations on the birth of her son. Mrs. Webster also has our good wishes on her return to Scotland, and we regret that her time with us was so short.

Mr. Spence is now in charge of Geography, Mrs. Green of Physical Education and Miss Orme of German, and Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Harris have rendered able assistance in the English and Mathematics departments respectively. Mlle. Charbonnel has replaced Mlle. Vincent as French Assistante. To all these new members of Staff we offer a warm welcome.

NEWS OF FORMER STAFF

Mrs. Banderis (Miss Cartwright) is teaching in Derby. She now has two children, Richard, aged 11, and Julia, aged 4.

Mrs. James (Miss M. Thomas) is now living in New Quay, Cardiganshire. During the summer, she met several Old Girls who were on holiday on the Welsh coast.

SCHOOL EVENTS

1960 - 61

AUTUMN TERM

Student Christian Movement Conference for Sixth Form pupils, held at King Edward VI School, Stafford.

A party of 5th and 6th Form girls attended a performance of "Noah" at Abbotsholme School.

Form 1A visited Mr. Whittaker's farm at Willslock, and Form 1B visited Mr. Sutton's farm at Somersal.

On United Nations Day, 24th October, the members of the Sixth Form Current Affairs group gave talks to various Forms on the history and ideals of the United Nations.

A French film with the dubbed title of "A Hair in the Soup" was seen by most of the school.

The excellent film, "The Young Mr. Pitt" was seen and enjoyed at school by all the senior girls.

The school was visited by the Mobile Nursing Unit, and although circumstances prevented our visiting the Exhibition Van, we were given a very interesting talk.

At the Senior Prizegiving, the address was given by Miss McWilliam, Governor of the Open Prison for Women, Moor Court, Oakamoor.

At the Junior Prizegiving, later in November, Dr. Salter gave some good advice in his address and Mrs. Salter kindly presented the prizes.

The Sixth Form girls went to Stafford to see a performance of "Britannicus" by La Troupe Française.

The annual visit was made by the Physiology and Hygiene group to the Sewage Purification Works and the Seedy Mill water-works and reservoir.

1st and 2nd Form party, organised by the Sixth Forms.

3rd and 4th Form party, organised by the Fourth Forms.

Red Gables party.

Carol Service in the Parish Church.

SPRING TERM

A party of 6th and 5th Form girls went to see the Burton Shakespeare Society's presentation of "Cymbeline".

The Fifth Forms visited Bournville.

A performance of "Macbeth", the examination play, was thoroughly enjoyed at Coventry by almost all the girls of the Fifth Forms. We were also interested in what we saw of Coventry's modern architecture.

Some Sixth Form girls went into Stafford to see an interesting exhibition in the Archivist's new building.

Thirty girls took part in the singing of the St. Matthew Passion in Lichfield Cathedral.

Members of the school much enjoyed the French film "Sénéchal le Manifique" in which Fernandel starred.

Staff v. Sixth Form hockey match.

During the Easter vacation, three senior girls attended the Cultural Holiday Course at the Sorbonne.

SUMMER TERM

Talk on Careers by Miss M. Humphreys.

Celebration of the School Birthday. Address given by the Chaplain of Denstone College, the Rev. C. Trounson.

A group of 4th year girls with four Sixth Form girls and some Staff spent a very interesting day in Stratford, visiting the places traditionally associated with Shakespeare and then seeing the performance of "As You Like It" at the Memorial Theatre.

Beck House visited Biddulph Orthopaedic Hospital.

The International Musical Festival at Llangollen was visited by a party of Senior girls.

All but the 1st and 2nd year girls saw the film "Rhodes of Africa".
House Tennis Matches and Singles and Doubles Finals.

PREFECTS

1961 - 62

HEAD GIRL : Jennifer Critchlow.

DEPUTY HEAD GIRL : Jennifer Malbon.

Ann Chapman, Ann James, Rosamund Whittaker, Sylvia Ball, Tess Barrett, Elizabeth Harrison, Ruth Hopkinson, Anne Jenkinson, Barbara Kirkman, Joan Mackie, Diana Ratcliffe, Margaret Rayson, Rosemary Rouse, Susan Sherratt.

NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES' JOINT MATRICULATION BOARD

GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION, 1961

ADVANCED LEVEL :

Jennifer Brown (Geography, Biology).
Ann Chapman (English, French).
Jennifer Critchlow (English, History, French).
Isabel Harrison (Geography, French, Biology).
Ann James (English, History, Geography).
Helen Lacy (Geography).
Grace Plant (English, French). Scholarship French.
Helen Robinson (History, Geography, Biology).
Jean Ryder (English, History, Geography).
Margaret Tatlow (English, History, Geography).
Gillian Waring (Biology).
Celia Webb (English).
Rosamund Whittaker (Geography, Biology).

ORDINARY LEVEL :

5M: Diane Beasley, Sandra Birns, Janet Bloor, Christine Bostock, Ann Bowling, Madeline Bradley, Patricia Clarke, Susan Copestake, Rosemary Cox, Gillian Deaville, Sheila Evernden, Susan Foster, Catherine Goodall, Janet Harris, Noreen Harris, Marilyn Keates, Gay Martin, Joan Moss, Annis Mycock, Pauline Phillips, Margaret Plant, Wendy Roberts, Jacqueline Rowlinson, Jennifer Tonks, Josephine Toy, Pamela Wall, Jennifer Warrington, Jennifer Williams, Jenny Williams, Sheila Williamson.

5D: Margaret Baddeley, Jill Bradley, Hazel Brandon, Iris Heath, Mary Hill, Sheila Hill, Olwen Hopkins, Eileen Hunter, Carolyn Jackson, Valerie Jones, Glenys Parker, Marilyn Peel, Ruth Phillips, Grace Poyser, Gillian Prince, Christine Reeves, Gillian Rose, Mary Stevenson, Patricia Walsh.

5C: Eileen Bailey, Eunice Barnes, Yvonne Burton, Jennifer Chadwick, Valerie Harrison, Ursula Jackson, Kay Johnson, Ann Mellor, Janet Moulton, Joan Ratcliffe, Susan Tipper, Sandra Wibberley, Jennifer Wilson, Carol Woolley.

RED GABLES

This year Miss Evans left us, and retired to live with her sister in Birkenhead. She has been House Mistress for six years, and all those who have been at Red Gables and remember her wish her a happy retirement. We have also lost five members of the house: Sandra Birns and Annis Mycock who left to go to day schools near their homes; Jenny Williams and Angela Rowbotham, who are now at Technical Colleges; Ann Bowling who is working in a London bank.

At the end of the Christmas Term, Mrs. Ingham, our Matron, left us for a rest after almost a whole term of illness. We hope that she will soon recover and send her our good wishes.

Mrs. Hedges joined the School staff and came as our new House Mistress in the autumn term. We extend a welcome to her and hope that she will soon have some more help and be very happy here.

Tess Barrett was appointed Head Girl once again, with Barbara Kirkman as her deputy. Our three new girls are first years—Rita Higgott, Asta Hill and Dorothy Weetman.

We are grateful to all who have made gifts to the house during the year and to Miss Sidaway who gave us a very interesting talk on the arrangement of flowers.

BARBARA KIRKMAN.

COLLECTIONS

							£	s.	d.
School Birthday	7	0	0
Poppy Day	7	3	0
Carol Service	8	16	0

GIFTS TO THE SCHOOL

Parents' Guild—Table Lectern.

Phyllis and Gail Healy—Readers' Digest Atlas.

Elaine Ratcliffe—Record: Beethoven Symphonies.

Sandra Birns—The Story of Art - Gombrich.

Joan Moss—Books for Library.

Mrs. Goodwin—Films of varied geographical interest.

Miss Rice—Books for Library.

GAMES REPORT, 1960-61

Teams

Hockey

		1st XI	2nd XI	Under 15 XI
Goal -	-	J. Mackie	J. Toy	C. Steele
R. Back -	-	J. Critchlow	G. Hardwick	E. Bell
L. Back -	-	N. Harris	J. Williams	D. Barrett
R. Half -	-	J. Bloor	R. Rouse	M. Leason (Capt.)
C. Half -	-	A. James	T. Barrett (Capt.)	F. Bennett
L. Half -	-	J. Swift	M. Keates	P. Martin
R. Wing -	-	P. Wall	J. Chadwick	R. Coxon
R. Inner -	-	G. Martin	S. Williamson	J. Eales
C. Forward -	-	D. Ratcliffe	P. Clarke	G. Haynes
L. Inner -	-	S. Ball (Capt.)	B. Kirkman	G. Whitehurst
L. Wing -	-	C. Reeves	G. Prince	L. Geary

Reserves—B. Handley, J. Spencer, D. Deakin, V. Bailey.

Netball

		Under 15 VII	Under 14 VII
Goalkeeper -	-	M. Leason	A. Bloor
Defence -	-	E. Bell	C. Steele
D. Centre -	-	J. Atkin	J. Clay
Centre -	-	S. Grocott	J. Eales
A. Centre -	-	D. Barrett	G. Haynes
Attack -	-	L. Leason	D. Deakin
Shooter -	-	E. Hofman	J. Braime
<i>Reserves</i> -	-	M. Allen	B. Curtis
			L. Geary

Tennis

1st VI

1st Couple
M. Keates
J. Bloor2nd Couple
S. Ball
P. Clarke3rd Couple
P. Wall
C. ReevesReserve :
R. Whittaker

2nd VI

1st Couple
G. Martin
S. Evenden2nd Couple
O. Hopkins
N. Harris3rd Couple
J. Ratcliffe
S. TipperReserve :
G. Hardwick**Rounders**

Under 15 IX

Under 14 IX

Bowler	-	-	B. Handley	J. Braine
Backstop	-	-	E. Bell	J. Spencer
1st Post	-	-	G. Haynes	G. Hulme
2nd Post	-	-	C. Steele	S. Williams
3rd Post	-	-	D. Barrett	J. Lucas
4th Post	-	-	M. Deakin	V. Bailey
1st Deep	-	-	A. Bloor	S. Freeman
2nd Deep	-	-	S. Grocott	D. Deakin
3rd Deep	-	-	G. Whitehurst	M. Stonier
Reserves	-	-	M. Alexander	E. Barker
				P. Grocott

Match Results**Hockey**

1960

24 Sept.	Westwood Hall, Leek (H) ...	"A" XI	Won 3-1
1 Oct.	Rugeley Grammar School (H)	1st XI	Won 7-1
8 Oct.	Stafford High School (H) ...	1st XI	Cancelled
		2nd XI	Cancelled
22 Oct.	Burton High School (A) ...	1st XI	Won 1-0
		2nd XI	Won 5-1
		U.15 XI	Won 5-0
12 Nov.	Alleyne's G.S., Stone (A) ...	1st XI	Cancelled
	U.15 XI County Tournament		Cancelled
19 Nov.	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (H) ...	1st XI	Cancelled
		2nd XI	Cancelled
26 Nov.	Brownhills High School (H) ...	1st XI	Cancelled
		2nd XI	Cancelled
3 Dec.	Orme Girls' School (A) ...	1st XI	Drew 1-1
		2nd XI	Cancelled
		U.15 XI	Won 2-0
16 Dec.	Burton Tech. High School (A)	1st XI	Cancelled
		2nd XI	Cancelled

1961

7 Jan.	John Port Grammar School (A)	1st XI U.15 XI	Cancelled Cancelled
14 Jan.	Westwood Hall, Leek (A) ...	"A" XI 2nd XI	Cancelled Cancelled
28 Jan.	Rugeley Grammar School (A)	1st XI U.15 XI	Drew 1-1 Won 3-1
4 Feb.	Brownhills High School (A)...	1st XI 2nd XI	Cancelled Cancelled
18 Feb.	Stafford High School (A) ...	1st XI 2nd XI	Drew 1-1 Drew 3-3
1 Mar.	Burton Tech. High School (H)	1st XI U.15 XI	Won 1-0 Drew 0-0
16 Mar.	John Port G.S., Etwall (A) ...	1st XI U.15 XI	Won 4-1 Drew 1-1
25 Mar.	Burton High School (H) ...	1st XI 2nd XI U.15 XI	Won 2-1 Won 4-0 Won 3-0

County Tournament, Wolverhampton, March 4th.

The 1st XI won the tournament. They were winners of their section, they defeated Brownhills High School 2-0 in the semi-final and they defeated Tamworth 1-0 in the final.

Netball

1960

24 Sept.	Westwood Hall, Leek (H) ...	U.15 VII U.14 VII	Lost 0-16 Lost 3-10
8 Oct.	Stafford High School (H) ...	U.15 VII U.14 VII	Cancelled Cancelled
19 Nov.	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (H) ...	U.14 VII	Cancelled
26 Nov.	Brownhills High School (H) ...	U.15 VII U.14 VII	Cancelled Cancelled
3 Dec.	Orme Girls' School (A) ...	U.14 VII	Lost 7-21

1961

7 Jan.	John Port G.S., Etwall (A) ...	U.14 VII	Cancelled
14 Jan.	Westwood Hall, Leek (A) ...	U.14 VII U.15 VII	Cancelled Cancelled
4 Feb.	Brownhills High School (A) ...	U.15 VII U.14 VII	Cancelled Cancelled
18 Feb.	Stafford High School (A) ...	U.15 VII U.14 VII	Lost 12-25 Lost 2-15

Tennis

1961

6 May	Alleyne's G.S., Stone (H) ...	1st VI 2nd VI	Won 14-13 Won 19-8
13 May	Westwood Hall, Leek (A) ...	1st VI 2nd VI	Lost 34-47 Lost 37-44
3 June	Burton High School (A) ...	1st VI 2nd VI	Lost 25-36 Lost 29-39
10 June	Q.E.G.S., Ashbourne (H) ...	1st VI 2nd VI	Won 7-2 Won 7-2
17 June	Orme Girls' High School (H)...	1st VI	Won 7-2
24 June	Stafford High School (A) ...	1st VI 2nd VI	Cancelled Cancelled
1 July	Burton Tech. High School ...	1st VI	Cancelled
8 July	Rugeley Grammar School ...	1st VI	Cancelled
15 July	Homelands Grammar School...	1st VI	Cancelled

Rounders

1961

13 May	Westwood Hall, Leek (A) ...	U.15 IX U.14 IX	Lost 3½-4 Lost 4-8
3 June	Burton High School (A) ...	U.15 IX U.14 IX	Won 9-5 Won 18-5
17 June	Orme Girls' High School (H)...	U.15 IX U.14 IX	Drew 4-4 Lost 2-10
24 June	Stafford High School (A) ...	U.15 IX U.14 IX	Cancelled Cancelled
1 July	Burton Tech. High School (H)	U.15 IX	Cancelled
8 July	Rugeley Grammar School (H)	U.15 IX U.14 IX	Cancelled Cancelled
15 July	Homelands G.S., Derby (A) ...	U.15 IX	Cancelled

Deportment

The following girls were awarded badges:

- SENIOR:** J. Brown, J. Ryder, G. Plant, H. Lacy, J. Critchlow, R. Whittaker, P. Wall, G. Prince, D. Beasley, J. Williams, A. Mycock, P. Walsh.
- MIDDLE:** A. Vincent, J. Capewell, K. Bostin, J. Measures, J. Spencer, S. Gallimore, J. Ellis.
- JUNIOR:** L. Lewis, P. Snart, R. Ford, J. Webb, V. Hutchinson.

Individual Achievement

GAMES COLOURS:

Hockey—S. Ball, C. Reeves, R. Whittaker—already have colours. New Awards: A. James, J. Bloor, D. Ratcliffe.

Netball—E. Bell, M. Leason, S. Grocott, E. Hofman.

Rounders—G. Haynes, A. Bloor, (E. Bell and S. Grocott have colours).

Tennis—J. Bloor, M. Keates, P. Clarke, P. Wall, C. Reeves. S. Ball (further award).

ATHLETICS CUPS:

Junior Champion—P. Inskip.

Middle Champion—C. Steele.

Senior Champion—P. Wall.

TENNIS CUPS:

Singles Champion—S. Ball.

Doubles Champions—M. Keates, J. Bloor.

JUNE BODEN CUP for All-Round Achievement—Pamela Wall.

HOUSE REPORTS

Balfour

Once again all members of Balfour House contributed their efforts to raise money for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. At the end of the Winter Term and the beginning of the Spring Term money was raised by carol-singing, the Christmas Postal Service and the sale of sweets and cakes. In all, £40.0.0 was sent to the Lifeboat Institution.

At the end of the Spring Term, films on the work of the lifeboats were shown to the whole school. These proved to be both enjoyable and instructive for they plainly illustrated what a vital service the lifeboats provide and the many uses to which our annual contributions might be put.

In the Spring Term Balfour won the netball cup after some exciting and close games. The hockey team played hard and was unfortunate not to be placed higher.

We were sorry to lose Miss Best after only two terms at the school and also Miss Evans who has retired. Miss Evans had served Balfour for almost six years and her help and support will be greatly missed. The whole house wishes her a very happy retirement.

HELEN ROBINSON (*House Captain*).

Beck

At the first House Meeting held this year we welcomed Miss Higgins and Miss Jefferies to the House.

As usual during the Autumn Term the girls were occupied in making toys, aided considerably by members of the other Houses. The results of their hard work were seen when the toys were displayed in the dining room, before being taken to Biddulph Hospital. The Folk Dance, which was held in the School Hall during the Spring Term in order to raise funds, was a great success.

On July 11th a large party of girls visited Biddulph. This year, many girls from other Houses were included, so that they could see some of the patients for whom they had worked with the Beck girls.

Although we did not win any cups in the House matches, we have the satisfaction of knowing that in nearly all the sporting events we did well, being placed second in the hockey, rounders and tennis events, third in the Sports and fourth in netball. In the Speech and Drama competition we were placed fourth.

This year the House can truly be praised for its enthusiasm, and with a little improvement green ribbons should decorate the cups next year. I wish you every success in the future.

MARGARET TATLOW (*House Captain*).

Budgen

At the beginning of the Autumn Term the members of Budgen were pleased to welcome Miss Southerton into the House.

It has been customary for us, during this term, to raise money for our House charity in aid of the Staffordshire Association for the Blind. This year, however, the Whist Drive was postponed until March, and during the Autumn Term small sums of money were raised individually to swell the final total to £19.3.0. This was an improvement on last year's total, but more money could be raised if members would make a greater effort.

The House hockey team tried very hard this year and we were placed fourth. We were more successful in the netball, being placed second, but it was unfortunate that we could not quite retain the Cup. We enjoyed little success in the Summer sports, occupying fourth positions in both rounders and tennis. We were bottom of the list on Sports Day!

In the new Speech and Drama Competition held during the Summer Term, all the Budgen girls concerned worked with great

enthusiasm. We were placed second. The only cup that we managed to secure was the one for Deportment.

Let us not, however, be discouraged. We are sure that with continued zeal we shall achieve better results in the coming year.

TESS BARRETT (*House Captain*).

Dunkley

At the beginning of the year we were pleased to welcome Mrs. Webster to the House.

Our annual Sale of Work was held in December and it was an outstanding success. The sum of £42 was realised and sent to the Save the Children Fund. This wonderful achievement was due to very hard work by both the Staff and girls of the House.

In the field of Sport we have been quite successful, and it was very pleasing to see both team spirit and determination in all activities. We again won the Hockey cup, but were placed only fifth in the Netball competition. The Sports result, too, was disappointing, but we won the Tennis cup and were second in the Rounders matches. The girls also worked hard for the Speech and Drama competition and we regained the cup.

We were very sorry to say goodbye to Mrs. Goodwin and Mrs. Webster at the end of the year. Mrs. Goodwin has been with us for seven years, and during that time has been a very active House Mistress, always ready to help and advise in all House activities. Although Mrs. Webster has been with us for only a short time, she has been an interested and helpful member of our Staff.

This year Dunkley House girls have worked with enthusiasm both in sporting events and for the House Charity. I wish them even greater success in the future.

JEAN RYDER (*House Captain*).

Powell

The House year began well—the Barnardo Christmas Tree collection was more than £50. For this praiseworthy effort, we were awarded a special badge by the Barnardo's Representative, which is now worn by the House Captain. Also we began a collection of milk-bottle tops to aid the Dr. Barnardo's fund.

The House Teams were greatly improved this year, and very enthusiastic. Although we gained only third positions in netball and hockey, we have greater hopes for next year, considering the team's willing co-operation and keenness. The Games Captain and those in the sports worked very hard this year, and we were delighted when Pamela Wall and Pat Inskip won the Senior and

Junior Championships. We also won the Rounders Cup, thanks to the energy of our team, although we did not do so well in Tennis. All the members concerned worked hard for the Speech and Drama Competition, and although we were placed in a very low position, the House's cheerfulness and hard work augur well for next year's event.

I feel that the House has made progress this year, and I hope it will continue to do so.

ANN CHAPMAN (*House Captain*).

Position of Houses

	<i>Balfour</i>	<i>Beck</i>	<i>Budgen</i>	<i>Dunkley</i>	<i>Powell</i>
Hockey	5	2	4	1	3
Rounders	5	Joint 2	3	Joint 2	1
Netball	1	4	2	5	3
Tennis	3	2	4	1	5
Deportment	3	4	1	5	2
Speech & Drama Competition	3	4	2	1	5
Sports	2	3	5	4	1

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

	1960-61	1961-62
<i>President</i> :	Ann Chapman	Barbara Kirkman
<i>Vice-President</i> :	Susan Sherratt	Janet Bloor
<i>Secretary</i> :	Jean Ryder	Tess Barrett
<i>Committee</i> :	Jennifer Critchlow	Rosamund Whittaker
	Sylvia Ball	Christine Bostock
		Joan Mackie

The S.C.M. began its activities by attending a Sixth Formers' conference at Stafford. This is the second conference we have attended and both have proved to be interesting and informative. On February 13th Mr. A. Stewart, a visiting speaker, talked to us about "Communism in Theory" and "Communism in Practice". Jennifer Critchlow, Jennifer Malbon and Grace Plant did some useful research to present at the next meetings. In March Miss Hutchinson came to the meeting and talked about Roman Catholicism. She answered fully and freely the questions put to her.

During 1961 two hikes were organized, the first a walk through Doveridge and Eaton Woods and the second a visit to Hoar Cross Church—a fine example of church building in the modern Gothic style.

The annual conference was unavoidably cancelled this year but a meeting was held in school when the Rev. T. Payne talked about his visit to the Holy Land. At a future meeting we hope to see the film he has made.

We thank Miss Malcolm for her continued interest and help and also all members who have supported us throughout the year.

BARBARA KIRKMAN.

C.E.W.C.

This year, under the guidance of Mr. Harbron, the membership of the Council for Education in World Citizenship has increased and we have been able to take a greater part in the activities of this society, which is sponsored by the United Nations.

In September, a party of twenty girls visited Thistley Hough High School to hear a talk on the Common Market by Mr. Brian Walden, a lecturer of the Oxford Extra Mural Delegacy and the Workers' Educational Association. In an extremely vivid and politically unbiased talk Mr. Walden stressed the problems that will result from the Government's decision to try to enter into the Common Market, but thought that careful planning and negotiation could meet the exciting challenge it presents. The need for a united Europe was emphasized, but would this mean that we must surrender our right of self-government? The present economic situation is an indication of the need for wider industrial markets but by entering the Common Market would we place the economy of the Commonwealth countries in jeopardy?

The interest shown in Mr. Walden's talk and the highly topical and controversial nature of the subject were reflected in the many questions the speaker was asked, ranging from the fate of the monarchy to the effect on British agriculture, supported as it is by heavy Government subsidies. The limitations of time prevented the consideration of many aspects of this problem but those who attended the meeting were stimulated to search for a solution themselves.

In November we were very fortunate to be visited in school by Dr. Hugh Hollingworth, who is working at Hukmbang teaching hospital in Southern Nigeria, under the auspices of the Methodist Missionary Society. Dr. Hollingworth gave an informative and graphic account of the effect of independence in Nigeria and the

efforts being made to build more schools, hospitals and factories in the country, so as to integrate gradually the primitive tribal way of life with the western civilization. But even in the hospitals it is not an uncommon occurrence to turn on the tap and watch a stream of tadpoles issue forth, for a filtered piped water supply as we know it is unknown except in certain parts of the large cities such as Lagos.

In January, three sixth form girls, Rosamund Whittaker, Susan Sherratt and I, will be attending the C.E.W.C. Christmas lectures and conference in the Central Hall, Westminster, when the subject will be "Co-existence"—one which affects most of us living in the Western World today. The speakers will include the Russian Ambassador in London, Mr. Soldatov, Yehudi Menuhin, the world famous violinist, and Lord Fisher, formerly Archbishop of Canterbury. It is hoped that those who attend the conference will, by hearing various points of view, gain a better insight into the minds of peoples with whom we must co-operate in order to continue to exist.

JENNIFER MALBON, U.6.

1st UTTOXETER GIRL GUIDE COMPANY

The Company started the year at full strength but now a number of older Guides have left and we have only five patrols. After Miss Escott left, Ann James became our Lieutenant. Some Guides have become Pack Leaders and one has helped with Cubs.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Local Association the visitors were entertained by Rangers, Guides and Brownies; this Company acted a sketch entitled "A Day in Camp" and the meeting ended with camp-fire songs.

The Company took part in parades on Remembrance Sunday, Civic Sunday and Saint George's Day. In July at one Morning Service the Vicar of Uttoxeter dedicated a new Union Flag given to us by Pat Williams who was once Lieutenant of the Company.

The Guides were very fortunate this year in having so many opportunities to camp. At Whitsun Miss Thomas and Ann James attended a Camp Training Course at Beaudesert and four Guides took their final test for First Class. They were later joined by three Rangers and fourteen Guides for a Company camp lasting four days. The camp site was enhanced by the flowering of the multi-coloured rhododendrons. The weather was kind to us even though we had frost on the last evening and a heavy shower of rain before striking. We congratulate Miss Thomas who gained her Camper's Licence and Ann James who got her Camp First Aid Certificate.

During the last week in July three Guides attended the English Schools Camp at Waddow, near Clitheroe in Lancashire. Jennifer Hodson and Barbara Dulson were made Camp Patrol Leaders.

Three Guides joined Miss Poole's camp at Hathersage, near Sheffield, during August. A specially remembered day was a visit to the Treak cavern near Castleton. It was one of the wettest days imaginable. Rain-water ran down our necks, our best uniforms were wringing wet, our skirts clung to our legs and we almost paddled along in shoes full of water. On reaching the cavern, as much wet clothing as possible was removed and a kind man quickly put up a clothes line for us. Newspaper and towels were also handed round. We very soon revived on cupfuls of hot tea and coffee. We went down into the cavern which was very damp, slippery and wet. The dripping of water was unceasing. A guide told us the history as we passed through each cave and tunnel. The Treak cavern is a Blue John mine and large seams of this stone could be seen. The best chamber was filled with stalagmites and stalactites. It was a glorious sight. Two of the formations had almost joined together. The rain had stopped when we came out of the cavern and we walked back into Castleton to do some shopping before returning to camp.

A District Camp was held by Miss Thomas at Willow Cottage, Cheddleton, near Leek, in the middle of August. Three of our Company joined the 3rd Utttoxeter Company for this. In spite of one very wet day it was very enjoyable. The highlight of this camp was using the canoes on the last afternoon. Two Guides joined the Stramshall Company and camped at Criccieth in North Wales.

Hard work has produced a number of Second Class badges. First Class badges were awarded to Barbara Dulson, Margaret Deakin, Gillian Eyre and Julie Clay; this number is a record for the Company. Carolyn Steele passed her Camper badge which involved spending a weekend at Beaudesert so it was a real test of camping ability.

Barbara Dulson has given the Guides a very high standard to aim at by becoming a Queen's Guide. This entailed taking her patrol to camp, which she did for three days in wet weather, during the Easter holidays. The Queen's Guide Test now includes a commonwealth knowledge Badge as well as domestic badges such as Cook, Needlewoman, Hostess and Laundress. This is the second time that a Guide from this Company has gained this award and we shall look to the new guides who have just joined us to make this a tradition.

The Company would like to thank everybody who has given up time to make camping possible, and also the Badge Testers for sparing their time and patience.

JULIE CLAY, 4M.

UTTOXETER GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL PARENTS' GUILD

Secretary's report on the programme arranged for the year 1960-61.

President : Miss E. M. Ross, B.A., J.P.

Chairman :

Deputy Chairman :

MR. J. S. PHILLIPS.

MRS. W. FINNIKIN.

Secretary/Treasurer : MR. W. JONES.

Committee :

Mrs. E. M. Quick and Mrs. K. M. Mayer (*Staff*). Rev. O. G. Ede, Mr. J. Sargeant, Mrs. G. Stevenson, Mr. H. W. Pitt, Mr. J. J. Chapman, Mrs. D. K. Morgan, Mr. H. H. Edwards, Mr. T. L. Coxon, Mr. A. J. Mackie.

Membership of the Guild for 1960-61 is 228, a slight decrease on the 1959-60 figure of 240.

Six meetings were convened during the year: two committee meetings on 20th November, 1960 and 5th July, 1961; three general meetings on 7th December, 1960, 15th March, 1961 and 30th May, 1961; the Annual General Meeting on 4th October, 1961.

Both the Committee and Guild members are to be congratulated on their support of and excellent attendance at the above meetings. No outings or visits were arranged but a Theatre Evening is promised soon. The Guild is now on the mailing list of the Derby Playhouse Management.

At our first meeting, in December, Alderman A. O. Davies gave an excellent illustrated talk on his visit to Russia with his son. Our VIth Form girls proffered more questions than their parents did during the period allocated by the speaker for enquiries on the Russian outlook and way of life. This was most encouraging. Mr. J. S. Phillips proposed and Mrs. Hutchinson seconded a vote of thanks to Alderman Davies for giving us such an informative and entertaining evening.

On Wednesday, 15th March, 1961, after considerable correspondence and re-arrangement of dates, Mr. J. H. P. Oxspring, M.B.E., M.Sc., Director of Education, kindly agreed to appear in person and speak on the vexed and much discussed question of the proposed amalgamation of the High School and Alleyne's Grammar School. He presented a first class case for such an amalgamation in his usual lively and energetic manner. The large gathering of parents showed considerable interest and all were eager to listen to the supplementary points clarified by the Director. On this occasion the VIth Formers were not invited to attend. Mrs. G. Stevenson proposed an appropriate vote of thanks to the speaker, and Mr. T. L. Coxon ably seconded.

Mr. C. W. Worboys of Rolleston addressed the Guild in May on the subject, "Uganda and the African Problem". The speaker had lived, worked as a printer and been a church missionary at Kampala, and he made this talk a living experience rather than a mere geographical account. Many thanks are due to Mr. Pitt who brought Mr. Worboys to our notice. As usual the VI Form girls enjoyed being with us. The Rev. O. G. Ede proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Worboys for his able and informal address, and Mr. A. J. Mackie seconded this.

The Guild Financial Statement presented by the Treasurer and adopted at the 1960 A.G.M. showed a balance in hand of £16.9.8. A satisfactory balance of £21.0.11 is shown for the A.G.M. of 1961. Miss E. M. Ross thanked the Guild for the light oak reading desk (£8.19.6) bought from George Orme and Sons Ltd. and presented to the school. Two Courtesy Prize awards were sanctioned this year on the advice of the Headmistress.

Now, after six years of association with the Guild, I must say farewell since my daughter is no longer at school.

WILLIAM JONES, *Hon. Secretary/Treasurer.*

THE TENTH PARIS CULTURAL HOLIDAY

When the three of us—Grace Plant, Jennifer Critchlow and I—set out for Paris at the beginning of the Easter holidays, we had not the faintest idea of what to expect. Jennifer and I, having crossed the Channel before, considered ourselves seasoned travellers, and were rather amused by the number of travel-sickness pills that Grace insisted on consuming. When we reached the Gare St. Lazare, however, we were all feeling grubby, hungry, and anything but Parisian and "chic".

All the students on our holiday course were boarded out in French schools. Ours, the Lycée St. Louis, was a boys' school, and the inmates had left their beds in a somewhat worn condition for us: Jennifer's must have supported a particularly portly youth, as it sagged voluptuously; mine was board hard, and I remain convinced that the pillow was stuffed with golf balls. The wash basins had no plugs—I wonder how the little French boys manage to clean behind their ears in such conditions—the lavatory was primitive, but we got used to it, and we had six flights of stairs to climb to bed. The food was satisfying, however, especially when we had chips, since the cooks were very lavish with these when coaxed, usually by Jennifer.

We felt very important and learned on our first morning of lectures. These were held in the University itself, just across the busy road, in imposing, gloomy "amphithéâtres". The professors

who lectured to us were very amiable, especially one dear little man who concluded every paragraph with "Vous voyez? Bon!" and beamed at us, even if we did not "see".

Other lessons, known as "Cours Pratiques", were held in the Lycée. These consisted of reading aloud, criticism, and general conversation. The teachers were usually meticulously polite, addressing the pimply youths in our class as "messieurs" and us as "mesdemoiselles", but they were not above being sarcastic, and very often reduced us to hysterics by imitating our accents.

Lessons lasted all morning and were followed by lunch, after which we had to assemble in the dingy courtyard — dignified by the name "Cour d'Honneur", I cannot think why—until our guides led us off on various sight-seeing tours. Economy was the keynote of these excursions; we walked nearly everywhere under the eye of our guide, Jean-Marie. He was a thin, bespectacled Art student, who seemed to have a perpetual cold, yet he gave the most illuminating commentaries. We visited the usual places of interest and also many out-of-the-way museums and churches. Jean-Marie, unlike some of his intimidating female counterparts, treated us as intelligent young ladies, and as he really knew a lot about Art, especially the French Impressionist School, we managed to imbibe some culture. These obligations once fulfilled, we were left to roam the area, shopping, drinking coffee, exploring, getting ourselves lost, until five o'clock, when we had more lectures until dinner at seven.

There were various arrangements for our entertainment in the evening. We went on two official theatre visits, one being to the famous Comédie Française. The other was at the Palais de la Mutualité — the French are inordinately fond of these high-sounding names — whose tiers of seats were so close and narrow that, for the whole evening, my right ear remained in uncomfortable proximity to someone's rough trouser leg. The other evenings were comparatively free: one night we asked Jean-Marie to take us to a dramatic society; on other nights we had the choice of lantern slides of Paris or dancing at the American Club. Needless to say, we chose the latter, and armed with maps and guides, but disdaining Grace's compass, set off across Paris to find it! We had an enjoyable time there, except for the fact that male partners were in short supply and so we were usually forced to dance with each other.

Other highlights of our visit were the sail on the Seine at night to see the illuminations of Paris, our reception at the Hôtel de Ville, where all the officials enthusiastically kissed each other, and an expedition to Versailles. The grand Prizegiving was an impressive occasion also; we had taken written and oral examinations,

and Grace and I were thrilled to receive prizes, which were excellent books.

On our last night, Olga (a Welsh girl I had made friends with) and I went to a concert at the boys' college, gaily disregarding advice "de nous coucher de très bonne heure". Despite the grim warning that anyone who arrived at the Lycée after half past ten would be locked out by the concierge, we returned at eleven and were admitted, trudging upstairs to bed exhausted but sorry to exchange our student life in Paris for the daily routine in England.

ANN CHAPMAN, Senior VI.

TRANSIENT BEAUTY

The falling petal hangs an instant
On the sightless air, then lies
Lost at the roots of the rose; fairest
Flowers fade, and longest sunsets
Lose at last their lambency.
All beauty dies, all love must pass,
All feeling fade before the chill
Of senseless reason; and even life,
Loveliest in all its fleeting
Joy, must lose its poignant beauty
In the everlasting life.

ANN JAMES, Senior VI.

A FOREST FARM IN OLD ESTONIA

A true story

In the long ago days of Old Estonia, when wolves were common and roamed the dense forests, there were "wolf hunts", and in this story you will find some interesting and true facts about forest farms and wolf hunting.

My great grandfather had bought a plot of land in a dense forest to start a farm on. He had many difficulties. To make the fields hundreds of trees had to be felled with axes and carted away. The larger trees were made into log cabins and farm buildings. The surplus branches were left to dry and when dry the larger branches were cut into logs for use as fire wood. The rest of the branches were burnt. Fires were lit under the tree stumps and when the fires had died down the charred stumps were easily levered out of the ground.

Farming was not easy in great grandfather's time and the farm was constantly losing sheep because of all the wild animals inhabiting the forest. Although bears were also very common then, the greatest danger was from the wolves. So, in the winter days

when the soft ground was frozen hard and covered with snow a yard thick, the farmers living around and in the forest would organize a hunt to track down and kill the wolves.

For the hunt the farmers required a calm, moonlit night and a special sleigh with a barrier round it and drawn by four horses running side by side. The two outside horses were trained to run with their heads down. The reason for this was that if the horses ran with their heads up the wolves could get at their throats and kill them. Inside the sleigh one man had a pig and to make it squeal enough the man pinched it. Soon, attracted by the squeals of the pig the glaring eyes of the wolves were to be seen on the edges of the forest. The panting horses pulled the sleigh round the boundaries of the forest until there was a pack of wolves running with it. Two wolves ran beside the outside horses looking for their chance to get at the horses' throats. The rest of the pack followed behind. Then the farmers behind the barriers started shooting the wolves. The wolves that were left ran back into the forest, their tails between their legs. And so the hunt had ended for another night.

This is how the men of Old Estonia fought the wolves and their other wild enemies.

HELVE SIDRON, 1A.

MYSTERIOUS FOOT PRINTS

Something had disturbed me and I switched on my bedside light and looked at the clock. Three o'clock. Good heavens! I thought it was later than that, but when I got out of bed and drew my curtains aside I saw the moon shining through my window. It was cold outside and the snow was lying along the road and garden path. It had been snowing during the night. As I gazed out of the window I noticed something strange—up the path I could see a set of foot prints which led round the path towards the back of the house. As I could not see any prints leading back again I had to investigate.

On opening my bedroom door I saw a dim light coming from the hall. Many horrible thoughts crossed my mind as to the explanation of this. I darted back to my bedroom and looked for a while for something to arm myself with. The only object I could find was my riding crop which I had carelessly left on the chair behind the door. I snatched it up and again ventured out of the door, wondering what I was going to find. The light had gone out. I had wasted too much time in arming myself, but, feeling a little more confident, I walked down the stairs. On reaching the bottom I found no-one.

The front door was locked and so was the back door. I made my way back to the front door and quietly unlocked it. The foot prints were still there and they came only up the path and not down again. All our family had gone to bed at the same time as myself so they were none of ours. It was freezing outside and all the world seemed dead, as if it was frozen. I pulled myself together and followed the prints round the house. They led to the wood shed, which at the moment contained only two large boxes. I put my hand on the latch and waited a few seconds then opening the door quietly I suddenly grew frightened as I remembered something—I had forgotten to bring a light. I flung the door open wide and to my astonishment I saw in the shadowy interior, a child, a child of around five years old who was sobbing. What happened next I cannot quite remember, but I found myself and the child in our warm kitchen with the rest of my family. We found out the child's name and address. She lived in the next town to us. Evidently she had been Christmas shopping with her brother and had got lost. She had wandered to our house and found shelter in our wood shed. My father rang the police station and the police came to fetch the child for whom they had been searching with her anxious father.

I was slightly disturbed by the light which I had seen, but when I mentioned it to my brother he started to laugh. At three o'clock he had felt hungry and had gone into the kitchen taking his torch with him. That explained the light. When I had dashed back to my bedroom for a weapon Brian must have quietly gone back to his own bedroom so the light was no longer there when I went downstairs.

My small mystery solved, I went back to bed for a few more hours' sleep.

SUSAN BRASSINGTON, 5B.

ROAD MENDING

Have you ever considered road-mending as a career? Don't! I had always thought hard labour had been abolished, but my father evidently thought differently when he resolved to repair our drive, all two hundred and fifty yards of it, with the family as his Chain Gang.

For some time we had watched with interest the lorry-loads of irregular pieces of concrete, little knowing the effect they would have on the rest of our holiday. One morning we were paraded outside and shown our first labour. We were given a pick each and had to hack huge pieces of the concrete out of piles of rubble. Two hours later, our backs aching and our hands sore, we took a

short rest, during which the self-appointed foreman (Grandad) chose to arrive and inspect our work—a tiny pile of concrete and one broken pick. After giving a short talk on the misuse of tools and the inefficiency of modern youth he left us to continue.

The next few days found us loading, carrying and placing concrete, breaking bricks with twenty-pound hammers, drinking hasty cups of coffee, becoming redder and redder in the hot sun until we were actually looking forward to the beginning of term. When we eventually did go back to school, with grazed legs and blistered hands, the drive was barely half-finished and even now, two months later, loads of concrete are still arriving as a continual reminder of more hard work.

Do you wonder that I do not recommend road-mending?

CAROLYN STEELE, 4M.

ELVEDEN

(With apologies to Pope)

Shut, shut the door, good friend, freezing I said.
My hands and feet are just as cold as lead.
The wind it rages; nay, 'tis past a doubt,
Again the sacred stove has been let out.
Optimus, fag and shovel in his hand,
Will rave, accuse and madden round the land.
Urbis and Libra, these he blames the most,
Of op'ning the stove doors that they may 'roast'.

Another pale, pink door there stands nearby:
"Please Knock"—and ghastly faces catch the eye.
Within, a witling from the fourth or third
Confesses petty crimes; when these are heard
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And lines are writ that prefects may go dine.
They want their buttered toast on this cold day,
And instant coffee, not insipid tea;
Glad to be rid, straitway they clap the door:
Child, let me see your pranks and you no more.

JENNIFER WARRINGTON, L.VI.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POOR POET AND THE EDITOR

From the French of Lebrun

"They've stolen from me . . ." "I'm sorry for your grief."
"All the poems I wrote." "I'm sorry for the thief!"

JOAN M. MACKIE, U.VI.

SAILING UP A FJORD

It is a dull, typical day, with the rain coming down gently from the grey sky, when the boat leaves the sheltered harbour of the second largest town in Norway, and steams out past the big ocean-going liners and the little varnished wood fishing boats. It winds its way northwards through the numerous small, barren rocky islands, going alarmingly close to the land in places. At times the boat is out in the open sea, but at others it is amongst the islands, upon which there are no signs of civilisation. At last the boat turns from the sea into the calm fjord, where, in the still black water, there are wonderful reflections. The boat has entered the real mountainous regions now, and in places the grey mountains, with their tops hidden by low clouds and mist, and the dark sky and water make a marvellous sight. All is very quiet; there are no signs of habitation, and the only things that can be seen are the many grey and white gulls wheeling and turning above the stern of the ship.

Later, the skies clear, and the sun lights up the mountains, and makes the little streams cascading down them sparkle. On the slopes of some of the less rugged peaks patches of bright green can be seen amongst the forests of pine trees, each dominated by a wooden cottage and a barn. At the foot of the mountain there is a small wooden landing-stage with a boathouse beside it, from which the owners of this meagre farm can take a boat and go fishing or visit the nearest village.

A little farther on, the boat slows down, and a pretty fjord village, with all the houses built of wood, and painted, can be seen nestling at the foot of one of the pine-clad mountains. The boat slowly draws alongside the wooden landing-stage, the ropes are fastened, and some of the people get off while other passengers embark. Having collected all the people and also the cargo of milk churns, barrels of fish and other things from that village, the boat again sets off up the fjord, to call at other sheltered fjord villages before returning home to Bergen.

JANET MORGAN, 3A.

FARTHING BUNDLES

London has many quaint and interesting customs, one of which is called "Farthing Bundles".

Every Saturday morning in Fern Street, Bromley-by-Bow, a small wooden framework is set up outside Number Thirty-Six. Any child who is able to pass beneath it without stooping collects

a small bundle of toys and sweets in exchange for a farthing. As the farthing has now gone out of currency, a halfpenny is really charged.

This custom was started about fifty years ago, when a woman, touched by the poverty of the children, left a bequest to ensure that the children could have their Saturday morning sweets.

Surely this is one of the most interesting surviving customs in the rapidly changing life of London. I know that this is true because my neighbours recently took to London their two small children who successfully passed the test and earned their "Farthing Bundles".

JENNIFER MEASURES, 4A.

GRANDMOTHER

So still she sits by the hearth,
And warms at the dying embers
Her wrinkled hands, now stiff with age,
As she fondly dreams and remembers.

Then were the days when she played on a farm,
A chubby and rosy lass,
Her dimpled feet ran to and fro,
As she skipped among the grass.

A slender young girl she soon became,
With eyes appealing and grey,
She would wander down the country-lanes,
And dream among the hay.

A wife and mother then she was,
Her hands were never still,
With baking, washing, ironing,
Her days she used to fill.

These thoughts of by-gone days,
Go flowing through her mind,
As she sits, in the loneliness of age,
With thoughts of days left behind.

JANE ELLIS, 4M.

THE ROYAL MAUNDY

On Maundy Thursday last year I was lucky enough to attend the Service for the Distribution of the Royal Maundy at Westminster Abbey.

The distribution of alms on the Thursday of Holy Week is of great antiquity. The custom can be traced back in England to the twelfth century and there are continuous records of the distribution having been made on Maundy Thursday from the reign of King Edward I. Since 1890 it has usually been made at Westminster Abbey. The service derives its name from the Latin word "mandatum" which means "a commandment", and its opening words have always been "A new Commandment I give unto you".

The recipients number as many old men and as many old women as the Sovereign is years of age. Each of them receives, in the specially minted, silver Maundy money, as many pence as the sovereign is years of age and also an allowance in lieu of the food and clothing which were formerly distributed. The money is contained in the traditional red, green and white purses. These are placed on the silver gilt Maundy Dish which dates from the reign of King Charles II and is part of the Regalia. It is borne by a Yeoman of the Guard, and a member of the Royal Family presents the purses.

Last year, the Queen Mother was present at the service, and, from my seat in the Lantern of the Abbey, I had an excellent view of her as she sat in the Sacrarium, looking charming in blue brocade. As she distributed the Maundy, she stopped to exchange a word and a handshake with each of the old people. Meanwhile, to the accompaniment of the magnificent organ, the choir sang a beautiful anthem which was of special interest to me since my uncle was singing the solo part. The Lord High Almoner and his assistants were girded with towels in remembrance of the washing of the feet which was once part of the Service. The officials of the Royal Almonry looked most impressive in full ceremonial dress, and the splendid uniforms of the Yeoman Warders made a bright splash of colour.

As the great procession slowly disappeared through the archway, I thought what a beautiful and memorable service it had been.

JANE PITT, 5A.

THE WILD WHITE SEA HORSES

The Wild White Sea Horses,
Plunge, fret and foam,
And swim down to the sea bed,
Their beautiful home.

Their gleaming white coats,
Shine in the sun,
Their hooves thresh the waves,
Like swords, as they run.

With manes flying high,
They crash through the waves,
And with hooves glistening gold,
They make for their caves.

On stormy nights calling,
Far, far out at sea,
They answer their loved ones,
To shore running free.

DIANA M. RADFORD, 1A.

STONEHENGE

Over the brow of a hill we went, and there it was, Stonehenge, standing in the centre of a field on Salisbury Plain. There were no houses to be seen for miles around although a main road ran by it. Opposite Stonehenge, across this road, was a car park for sightseers and I noticed many foreign registration numbers on the cars already parked.

After leaving our car we crossed the road and when we had paid a small admission fee we proceeded across the turf to the historic stones which stood starkly against the blue horizon. As we approached, the stones appeared to grow to a tremendous size and the numerous people threading in and out of the arches looked very small in comparison. We crossed the outer rings of smaller stones to the main centre of interest which was the inner horseshoe of large, vertical stones, some of which were joined together by a horizontal stone across the top forming an arch. This inner ring enclosed a sacrificial table of pitted and worn stone over which children scrambled whilst adults posed for photographs. As I stood there I wondered how a primitive tribe like the Ancient Britons could have managed to bring these massive Welsh blue

stones across the then unbridged River Severn, through the forests of Ancient Britain to this remote part of Wiltshire, and when they eventually arrived how they placed the stones in position.

We took one or two photographs and before crossing over to the car park we turned round to have one last look. For a moment time stood still; in place of the gaily dressed tourists weaving in and out of the arches I saw oak-garlanded Druids of the Bronze Age performing their religious rites. I was soon brought down to 1961 by the drawl of an American lady tourist saying, "Gee, this sure is winnerful!"

STEPHANIE FIDLER, 2B.

THE MARRING OF MAN

In this age of the "tele", the washing machine,
Of things that make "lighter and brighter and clean",
Of the juke box that raves in the next coffee bar,
Of the markets called Super—"Drive round in your car!"
Of Bingo Clubs—"Saturdays, six until ten",
Oh, should we not just "stand and stare" now and then?

In a salon where hair to a new style is whirled,
Our locks by mechanical monsters are curled;
Then into new splendour, by bleach, tint or dye,
We leap—to be left 'neath a monster to dry.
After torture is done, and we have our new style,
Our "Perm" is soon gone—we'll be back in a while.

We eat out of tins, jars and frozen food packs,
And add to it vitamins which the food lacks—
(Incidentally, these things we all used to eat
In the good home-baked bread from the good home-grown wheat).
With these modern methods we're still not content,
So we take to strict diets, old age to prevent.

What we'll be in the future I just hate to think;
This destruction increasing, we can't help but shrink:
Hearts merely mechanical blood pumps will be,
And will show no emotions; our brains will not see
Any humour and beauty, but just register facts,
While our bodies like husks will be shrivelled extracts.

BETTY ASTLE, 5A.

ON DARTMOOR

Have you ever had a flat tyre? Not an ordinary one with a spare wheel and handy garage, but a flat tyre with all the inconvenience you could imagine.

One day last August, while spending our summer holiday at Exmouth in Devon, we decided to drive to Plymouth. We spent a very enjoyable day there, and it was quite late when we set out again for Exmouth. In driving to our destination we had followed the busy main road and so it was agreed that we should take the less frequented route over Dartmoor.

We had not been on the road long before entering the Dartmoor National Park, and, although it was dusk, the car was frequently slowed down for us to admire the high and rugged tors towering over the bleak moor, where ponies could be seen cropping the sparse grass on which were dotted patches of purple heather.

Travelling quite quickly, we passed through Princetown, famous for the grey forbidding prison which is situated there. Some miles further on, it was noticed that the moor was rapidly being swallowed up by a white cloud. Consternation and doubt reigned in the car, for one of the hazards of driving on Dartmoor is the mist which can come down very quickly and is a great nuisance to the unfortunate motorist. Our anxiety was suddenly increased by a violent pull to the opposite side of the road, a screech of brakes and the car jolting on to rough ground facing the wrong way. It was simple to detect the trouble. A flat tyre, on Dartmoor, a mist coming in, no other traffic about and no idea where a telephone might be found.

In panic, we all scrambled through the four doors of the car and eyed with complete dejection the state and position of it. For a few moments, we stood there completely stunned but it slowly dawned upon us that we were "stuck" for the night unless a miracle happened, which seemed very unlikely. Getting into the car again, we consulted a map as to our position. The results of this were not exactly encouraging: the nearest village was Post-bridge some miles away. As the only other alternative was to remain in the car all night my father set out to find it. The mist was now very thick and it was eerie to see white clouds swirling outside. The silence was occasionally punctuated by the drip of water from the telephone wires above on to the car roof.

Suddenly a great dark shape loomed up out of the mist before us. Weird ideas ran through my mind as the apparition came closer. It came closer still, growing bigger and darker. Then my

mother and I heaved sighs of relief as it made a familiar noise and having put its head through the car window it blew its warm breath on to my face. Our apparition was no more than a pony who had come to investigate the benighted travellers.

No sooner had we recovered from this than another figure approached us. This time however, we recognised him as my father returning from his search. He told us his story, how after having gone only a short way he wandered off the road and almost fell into some marshy ground. We decided after this that it was safer after all to stay the night huddled in the car.

I tried to sleep but I was much too cold and my mind too imaginative. Dartmoor means only one thing to most people—the prison. Only the previous week a convict had escaped in the mist, he must have followed this very route; he had stopped a car, attacked the occupants and made off. My heart beat rapidly, I was afraid. What if ...

A hand shook me into wakefulness. The mist had cleared, and the moor was softened by the rosy light of morning. The hoot of an approaching car roused us completely, and an obliging motorist volunteered to send us help. An hour later we were enjoying a good breakfast in Postbridge vowing that never again would we try to cross the moor in the late evening without a spare tyre.

GERALDINE WHITEHURST, 4M.

THE STATION PLATFORM

On this small platform
People are too busy
To see the little boy
Who stands and waits without a fuss
While people pass him by.

Tall men, small men, ladies too,
Wait.
But they do not keep so still
As the little boy, who stands and waits
Without a fuss,
As people pass him by.

SALLY MARTIN, 1B.

INTO THE LAND OF THE LITTLE

The Old New Inn at Bourton on the Water, in the heart of the lovely Cotswold country, has a very unusual name, but its name is not the most unusual feature about it. Since the late 1930's the fame of this inn has spread all over the world because of the remarkable Model Village which has been built in its garden and which has attracted and delighted many thousands of people since its completion just before the war.

The idea of building the model village came from the landlord, Mr. Morris, who in 1936 decided to turn his vegetable patch into something more decorative. At first he planned to reproduce a miniature glen with waterfalls and streams flowing through a grassy valley, which he had seen as a boy. In it he meant to add copies of the stone bridges in Bourton, and from that idea was born the idea of modelling the village from the mill to the Old New Inn.

Mr. Morris's ambition was to complete the village single-handed but in the end he had six men working on his bold and imaginative idea. The village took four years to complete. Every building and every feature of the landscape was built carefully to a scale of one-ninth of the original and everything was erected exactly in position. One of the most fascinating features of the model village is the miniature River Windrush, which is an artificial stream about three feet wide flowing from the working model of the mill through the whole village. The model has five little stone bridges, all of which are precise replicas of the famous bridges of Bourton.

Dominating the model village is the Church of St. Lawrence to which people are attracted by the choir which have been specially recorded and are relayed from a loudspeaker hidden in the chancel. The clock is also of special interest since both it and the clock on Victoria Hall are electrically driven and kept in perfect time. Both clocks chime every quarter, and the largest bell is only six inches in diameter. The Baptist Church is also equipped with a recording of Church music. The beautifully carved rose window is an exact replica of the original and through it people can see the interior, which is as delicately carved as the loveliest doll's house. All the shops in the model village display their wares, all made to scale, in the little windows, the butcher's, the grocer's, the baker's, the post office and the blacksmith's. There are also a bank and a police station.

The model village would not be complete without the Old New Inn, and of all the delights of the model village the best is the charming model of the mill, standing in its true position in the grounds of the little inn. This is the epitome of the art of miniature-

making. Just as the village is exactly one-ninth the size of the village itself, the model of the model is scaled down to one-ninth again. It is typical of the great ingenuity of those who made the whole undertaking that even the tiny model includes a river, this time only three inches wide.

Now the model village has been standing for some years, the Cotswold stone has begun to mellow and each year it looks more and more like the original.

Mr. Morris's idea has been copied by many people in this country and in other parts of the world, but no one has surpassed him and his helpers in their ingenuity and craftsmanship.

SUSAN REEVES, 3A.

THE DAMSON TREE

At the top of the garden there it stands
This aged damson tree,
Twisted and mossed, and gnarled with age,
Its brittle twigs I see
Lashing about in the winter's rage,
As thin as sparrows' claws,
With branches taut as clutching hands,
That catch at rooks and daws.

Then the warmth of spring blows o'er our lands,
And the hum of the first bee
Is heard aloft on transparent wing
In the blossom filigree;
While all around the small birds sing,
And the soft breezes shake
The blossoms, numerous as the sands,
Fragile as snow-flake.

Then neath the summer's dark blue sky
The fruit grows ripe and sweet,
Until like purple grapes they hang,
And darken in the heat.
The birds that in the branches sang
Their thirsty gullets slake,
Until autumnal gales blow high
Which the old tree shake.

Then yellow leaves go whirling by;
The old tree naked stands,
So stark against the wintry sky
That comes in winter o'er our lands.

CAROLE GRINDEY, 4M.

A VISIT TO A NUNNERY

One fine July afternoon my friends and I set out along the country lanes to Caverswall, a small country village.

The castle was set in a picturesque spot, having trees on three sides. In the moat in front of the castle was a rose garden which was set out in the most intricate pattern. From here we went up a flight of narrow steps onto the lawns where we might watch some Scottish dancing.

There was a large queue outside the front door, and, being curious, we too joined the queue, only to find that it was for a tour around the inside of the nunnery. We first went into the reception hall, where the fireplace had been brought from Holland many years before and the lintel of the door was exquisitely carved. From here we went to look at the spiral staircase which also was delicately carved and richly carpeted. The dining hall was spotless. The fireplace and the chest here were also brought from Holland. Across the large window in this room were the crests of the families who had lived in the castle before the nuns took over. We next visited the castle chapel which had a carved ceiling. The altar, which was in reality three small ones, was very simply decorated, but in such a way that it suited the atmosphere. The interior of the nunnery was very cold but I suppose that was due to the fact that the building was of stone.

As we walked round the grounds we saw several nuns reading books or shaking dusters out of small high windows and once we even saw a nun leaving the gardens with a wheel-barrow.

The greenhouse had a strange, tropical beauty about it, as there were many plants which I had never seen before and shall perhaps never see again, but shall think of as I remember always this quiet nunnery at Caverswall.

JEAN NICHOLSON, 3B.

A VISIT TO DERBY PLAYHOUSE

On the afternoon of October 6th, the Fourth Forms accompanied by three members of Staff, were lucky enough to see Shakespeare's "As You Like It" at Derby Playhouse. After journeying on a rather uncertain coach, we drew up outside what appeared to be an old chapel in a back street, but when we entered, this proved to be a small but beautifully converted theatre with contemporary decoration, complete with bar and coffee bar. We were ushered to seats in the stalls and soon the play began.

The whole performance took place in one woodland scene and the passage of time was suggested by different lighting effects.

The beautiful costumes were not those of the usual Shakespearean period but had been hired from Stratford where they were used in last year's production of "Much Ado About Nothing" in a Victorian setting. The actors gave a wonderful performance although they tended, especially Rosalind, to run about the stage too much, and Jacques shouted a great deal, when he was supposed to be a rather pensive character. Some scenes were rather hard to follow owing to Shakespeare's liking for exchanged identities, but as a whole the performance was most enjoyable and was preferable by far to 4 Alpha's reading of the play in rather expressionless voices in the school library.

Although most of us would agree that the outing would have seemed even more exciting had it taken place during school hours, it was well worth the sacrifice of a Saturday afternoon.

CAROL BEESLEY, 4 Alpha.

DISILLUSION

Great deeds are done in dreams,
And mighty words are spoken,
But where has gone their glory
When once the dawn has broken?

I too have dreamed my part
Of honour, hope and glory,
But when realities appear—
Why, that's a different story.

They say that man has power
Of miracles performing
If only he can use his head
And beat his brains till morning.

Well, I don't doubt it—you
Can be a saint tomorrow
If you can this day's death forget
Or yesterday's black sorrow:

But me—I'm through with dreaming,
I guess I'll go my way
In sweet moronic blissfulness,
Aware of just today.

CAREN EATON, Senior VI.

THE FAIR

Every year the fair comes to town. When I approach the delightful scene I hear music blaring and see lights shining as brightly as the stars. People are everywhere and brightly painted caravans encircle the huge enclosure. Sun-tanned boys and girls are tending the stalls, each dressed in gay clothes. The stars twinkle radiantly in the dismal sky but even those cannot compare with the bright lights of the fair. Laughter is everywhere and it drives out the gloom of the outside world.

China ornaments gleam brightly on the stalls and on others goldfish or coconuts are seen. The big wheel revolves rapidly and I can hear shouts of excitement and fear from the people sitting in the seats. Small children are eating candy floss, lumps almost as large as themselves. Every child's face is filled with excitement and wonder at the thought of the fair.

But when I go to the outskirts of the ground all of the magic of the fair fades away. As I walk on, the music and the lights grow dimmer. The only reminders of the fair are the stars twinkling in the sky, and the occasional hoot of the owl is the only noise that reminds me of the music. The sinister shadows cast by the moonlight soon make me forget all about the fair and the gay lights and merry music.

MARGARET HAYES, 1B.

SAWSTON HALL

Whilst on holiday in Suffolk this year, we heard of the hiding holes built by Blessed Nicholas Owen for the Catholic priests, but we had never seen one and so we decided to visit Sawston Hall in Cambridgeshire, which is known to contain at least one hiding hole.

When we arrived there, we were shown into the Great Hall and left there long enough for us to find out something about the history of Sawston Hall. The building has existed for about a thousand years and for the last five hundred years has belonged to the Huddleston family. In 1553 Princess Mary Tudor was travelling to London thinking that her brother was ill, when she was warned that it was a trap, as her brother was already dead. The Princess, now the Queen, took shelter at Sawston Hall. Early in the morning, after she had left the house and started for home, she turned round, and saw Sawston Hall in flames. The plotters, angry at finding her gone, had fired the house. She declared, "Let it burn! When I'm crowned, I'll rebuild it". When she came to the throne, she gave stones from Cambridge castle to rebuild Sawston Hall.

Over the fireplace was the Huddleston coat of arms, a bleeding scalp, which has a romantic origin. In the fifteenth century, a Huddleston lady fell in love with a gentleman of whom her father did not approve, so he had him hung up by the hair. The lady, fearing for her lover's safety, crept downstairs and started to release him. When she had cut through some of the hair, the strain on the remaining hair was too great, and the whole scalp was wrenched off. The lady was finally allowed to marry her lover, on condition that, to carry on the name of Huddleston, they used her name.

The Great Hall, with its oak panels, used to be the living room. During Queen Anne's reign, when walnut graining was in fashion, and the Huddleston's were not very rich, they painted the panels to resemble walnut graining. Much of the beauty of the panels is now spoilt as it was used by the Airforce during the war first as a map room and later as the "Officers' Mess". Huge fires were lit in the large Tudor fireplace and many panels were cracked by the intense heat.

Hidden in one of the panelled walls is a secret door through which we climbed to the Little Gallery, a recent addition to the house. This was built to bypass two bedrooms. In Tudor houses, there were no corridors, which meant that people were constantly walking in and out of the rooms. In the Gallery were displayed many tapestries, many of Flemish origin.

We then passed through the panelled bedroom, which has the original oak floor and wall panels, to the Tapestry bedroom, the walls of which are covered with Flemish tapestries. This is the room in which Queen Mary Tudor slept, and it is supposed to be haunted. We were told that some students were coming to do some "ghost sitting" in a few weeks' time.

The rough stone walls of the Long Gallery, originally a place for exercise for the ladies, who could not possibly go out during the winter in their long skirts, were covered by more beautiful tapestries. At one end of the Gallery was a writing bureau in which a secret compartment was discovered. Recently, three more even smaller compartments, inside the first, were discovered, but unfortunately all four were empty.

We climbed to the top of the medieval tower, where a small section of the floor was lifted up to reveal the main object of our visit, the priest's hiding hole, hollowed out of the thickness of the wall. It is about two feet wide, just high enough for a man to crouch in, and with a small slit, to allow air into the confined space in which the priests sometimes had to stay for two or three days, while the house was searched, in the outer wall. Blessed Nicholas Owen, who made these hiding holes all over the country, in the

houses of Catholic families, always made at least two holes in each house. Only two years earlier, another hiding hole had been discovered underneath the attic.

We visited the chapel downstairs where there is the original altar stone. There are very, very few of these original altar stones left in England. The kitchen quarters nearby were not very interesting as they had been adapted for daily use as living quarters. One room, however, amazed us all. We were shown into a large room, about the size of the school Gymnasium, and asked what we thought it was. After many unsuccessful guesses, we were informed that it was the larder. We then looked at the museum. This used to be the servants' kitchen and contained many interesting relics of bygone days. There was an Elizabethan oyster table, with a beautiful white marble top, and part of a silver chalice found recently in the moat. It is believed to have been thrown there during a search for traces of Catholicism. There was also a part of the black gown worn by Marie Antoinette as she went to the guillotine.

Outside, in the courtyard, we saw the goldfish pond which was originally the well that supplied the house with water during a siege. On a nearby wall was a beautiful wrought iron bell, which was formerly used to call the people of the house to chapel. When the chain is pulled, a French monk appears ringing a hand bell. We left after looking around the extensive gardens and the "Walk", used for exercising the horses.

I am still wondering whether the students were successful in their "ghost sitting" and whether Blessed Nicholas Owen built any more hiding holes, as yet undiscovered, in Sawston Hall.

RUTH COLLIER, 5A.

A WEEK-END AT TARQUAH BAY

Tarquah Bay is an inlet on the west coast of Africa. On its island is the Nuffield Bungalow which is hired by Army Families for the week-end. Several times we went to stay there. Our preparations meant collecting our tinned food and tinned milk, our towels, bathing clothes and other necessities; and also Paludrine tablets against malaria.

Next day we would drive to the jetty where the Army launch would pick us up. Other people were there as well but only to spend the day at Tarquah. We waited for about ten minutes watching all sorts of craft go by—cargo ships, private launches, African canoes that sometimes have so many passengers that they look as if they are about to sink, and large ocean going passenger liners.

Then the launch would arrive and we all went aboard. The journey over took about half an hour, and usually the sea was quite calm until the Governor's launch passed ours. This part I always liked. The Governor's launch went faster than ours, and so we rocked when we caught the wash it made. We also saw flying fish, which seemed to be about twelve inches long, and shone and glittered in the sunlight.

At last we arrived at Tarquah Bay. We did not go straight ashore because the water was too shallow, but someone would dive off the launch and swim ashore with a rope. People on the shore would then pull on the rope and bring in a canoe laden with passengers.

We then went to Nuffield Bungalow, and started unpacking. The cook steward (his name was Sunday) would prepare a meal and in the meantime we would put the food in the kerosene-run 'fridge'; in the evening Sunday would light the Tilly lamp and put the mosquito nets down over the beds.

After we had eaten we would change and go down to the beach for a swim, and also to explore. Tarquah Bay is enclosed by two breakwaters made of large rocks packed with sand, and as the sun is so very hot, unless you are wearing sandals, when you are walking on the hot sand and rocks, you burn your feet! At the end of each breakwater, there is a beacon, and I have climbed both of them. The main lighthouse is inland, and it is worked not by electricity but by kerosene lamps. Its flashes are at intervals of twenty seconds, twenty seconds and forty seconds. The main breakwater is to break the force of the strong waves of the Atlantic ocean; when you are walking to the beacon you hear a roar as the waves crash against the rocks, and then you have an unexpected shower from the spray.

Walking on the beach at night we would see lots of hermit crabs, and when we flashed a torch on them, they quickly disappeared down their holes in the sand. By day we could see many wild goats.

The water at Tarquah Bay is warm and after we had had an early morning swim, we made our way back to the bungalow for a scrumptious breakfast. After this we would go down to the beach again to the sand, the warm sea and games on my Li-Lo. I always had to be tied to the rocks on a safety line to prevent the strong current from carrying me away.

All too soon the holiday was over, and when I think of the wonderful times I had I wish I could return there even if only to enjoy the warm sunshine.

KITRINA CAMPBELL-LENT, 1A.

BLYTHE COLOURS

My father is employed at Blythe Colour Works which is situated in the small hamlet of Cresswell.

The railway station stands at the factory gate and the railway line runs along one side of the factory site. Obviously, distribution of the factory's products by rail can be conveniently arranged. On the other side of the factory is the River Blythe which, not so many years ago, was actually running through the factory. When the firm was founded many years ago the plant was run on this water power but the introduction of modern industrial methods has necessitated the diversion of the pleasant River Blythe to the borders of the factory.

The closeness of the factory to the potteries is no accident. Pottery colours and glazes form an important part of its output, and orders from Stoke-on-Trent can be easily received and quickly delivered. Blythe colours of every type are exported to almost every country in the world, the company therefore enjoying the benefit of considerable export trade.

The range of colours is amazingly extensive: they are made for use in numerous industries—pottery, glass, paints, plastics, rubber, artists' colours, printing inks, flooring compositions, vitreous enamels, and enamels for jewellery and badges. Some of the unusual uses to which the factory's production is put is in the manufacture of false teeth and artificial eyes.

The colours are made from a variety of raw materials, among which are borax, silica, stone, tin oxide, china clay, zinc oxide, rutile, titanium, manganese, felspar and molybdenum.

Unique features of the Blythe Factory are the maintenance and testing laboratories. Here routine tests are carried out on raw materials, and samples of every production batch are examined and compared with standards to check the quality and ascertain whether they measure up to prescribed requirements. Separate laboratories are maintained for research on the selection of basic raw materials, and the development of new materials.

More than three hundred people are employed at the factory and special attention is paid to their welfare. As the works are approached, a cricket field and tennis courts are to be seen. On the Works site itself is a sports room, where many different games take place. There are several dining rooms, where the employees can obtain any meal of their choice.

Blythe Colour Works has so advanced in its ninety years of life that it is now an important cog in the machine of British Industry.

GILLIAN HULME, 4A.

MORNING SONG

From the French of Théodore de Banville

Come, throw a hat of straw upon your ebon locks;
 Before the hours of noise, when everybody works,
 Let's go up to the hills to see the awakening day,
 And pick the flowers we love in fields along the way.
 Beside the spring, the golden water-lilies lean
 Their pallid cups above the water's mottled sheen;
 In meadows and in orchards, echoes still remain,
 The far-off songs of shepherds sounding once again.
 The morning zephyrs soft, like sisters wandering,
 Will stir for us alone their sweetly perfumed wing;
 Already, as you smile, they waft the scents to you,
 Of peach-trees pink with flowers, and apple-blossom too.

JOAN M. MACKIE, U.VI.

STRATFORD

In that calm
 the old spirits
 call,
 echoing the tale in the stillness
 of churches,
 in the slow-running river
 under the pale bare threadwork
 of willows
 green against a clouded sky,
 and a swan-feather
 drifting
 in the golden-yellow eddies:
 And the spirits call
 as the dust blows,
 dust from dark beams
 eaten by long years since the song's
 birth:
 And time
 passes,
 and the swan-feather floats,
 and the spirits
 call,
 and the pageant of plays
 lives on.

ANN JAMES, Senior VI.

THE OLD GIRLS' SOCIETY

The Annual General Meeting was held at the High School on Friday, 13th October, 1961. It was encouraging to see a larger gathering of Old Girls this year, and I am sure they all spent an enjoyable evening. Miss G. E. Thomas, a member of the Staff, showed us some very interesting slides of New Zealand. Next year I hope to see even more Old Girls at the meeting.

ELSIE E. HARRIS (*Secretary*).

BIRTHS

- To Chief Officer and Mrs. J. R. Abell (Peggy Angel), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. A. Austin (Pat Dyche), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. A. Bloor (Margaret Fallows), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Clark (Phyllis Healy), a daughter.
- To Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Corbett (Jean Hodges), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Ford (Pamela Barton), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Freeman (Joan Robertson), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. J. Greenwood (Marjorie Redfern), a daughter (in Port Melbourne, Australia).
- To Mr. and Mrs. T. Grindey (Eileen Parsons), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. T. Kirkham (Rosemary Eaton), a daughter.
- To the Rev. and Mrs. H. Perrins (Rosemary Hughes), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Plant (Gwenyth Simpson), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Rogers (Christine Hughes), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Shingler (Margaret Chamberlain), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith (Joan Heath), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. T. Stanier (Kathleen Smith), a daughter.
- To Mr. and Mrs. P. Stocking (Betty Barnes), a son.
- To Mr. and Mrs. Tucker (Annette Heaton), a son (in Germany).
- To Mr. and Mrs. P. Walker (Sylvia Hoptroff), a daughter.

MARRIAGES

- Bailey—Samuel. On 30th September, at St. Michael's Parish Church, Rocester, Gordon R. Bailey, of Doveridge, to Patricia A. Samuel, of Rocester.
- Bellamy—Stubbs. On 2nd September, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, Leslie Bellamy, of Chesterfield, to Susan M. Stubbs, of Dove-ridge.
- Buckley—Brown. On 19th August, at Checkley, Anthony F. Buckley, of Fole, to Dorothy M. Brown, of Checkley.
- Chamberlain—Webster. On 15th July, Geoffrey Chamberlain to Jean Webster, both of Marston Montgomery.
- Clayton—Boote. On 9th September, at Uttoxeter, Harold G. Clayton, of Taxal, to Virginia Boote, of Uttoxeter.
- Davis—Tipper. On 11th February, at Uttoxeter, Peter Davis to Joan Tipper, both of Uttoxeter.
- Fraser—Douglas. On 22nd July, at Draycott-in-the-Clay, Lawrence E. Fraser, of Edinburgh, to Constance Douglas, of Draycott.
- Griffin—Plant. At Cheadle, the Rev. Malcolm Griffin to Margaret Plant.
- Hancock—Beech. On 20th May, at St. Jude's Church, Shelton, Edward B. Hancock, of Shelton, to Jean Beech, of Rocester.
- Harkness—Shaw. On 30th December, Kenneth Harkness to Pamela M. Shaw.
- Hurst—Butler. On 1st April, Trevor Hurst to Sheila Butler, both of Uttoxeter.
- Jeffery—Bull. On 29th July at Beverley Minster, John C. Jeffery, of Sudbury, to Dorothy Bull, of Beverley.
- Jones—Raine. On 2nd September, at St. Nicholas' Parish Church, Abbots Bromley, Thomas G. Jones, of Ashbourne, to Delphine V. A. Raine, of Abbots Bromley.
- Laycock—Eardley. On 25th November, Wilfred A. Laycock, of Sunderland, to Margaret Eardley, of Uttoxeter.
- Leatherbarrow—Gaunt. On 26th August, at Rocester Parish Church, Harold Leatherbarrow, of Liverpool, to Dawn Gaunt, of Rocester.
- Lester—Atkin. On 12th August, at Newborough, Colin J. Lester, of Yoxall, to Helen M. Atkin, of Newborough.
- Lyons—Talbot. On 4th March, at Abbots Bromley, Allan Lyons to Dorothy Talbot.

- Mabit—Blackhurst. On 11th August, at Uttoxeter, Jean Charles Mabit, of Nantes, to Anne Blackhurst, of Uttoxeter.
- Martin—Pountain. On 23rd December, Derrick Martin to Ann Pountain.
- McNamara—Stevenson. On 3rd April, John J. McNamara, of Alton, to Elizabeth Stevenson, of Hollington.
- Nixon—Smith. On 19th November, 1960, at Kingstone, John F. Nixon, of Whitehaven, to Dorothy J. Smith, of Kingstone.
- Pemberton—Fallows. On 24th October, at Kingsley, Edward T. Pemberton to Kathleen W. Fallows.
- Potter—Boulton. On 9th September, at Fulford, Geoffrey H. Potter, of Uttoxeter, to Shirley Boulton, of Saverley Green.
- Prime—Brough. On 28th October, at Cheadle, Ronald T. Prime to Margaret Brough.
- Prior—Harvey. On 20th May, at Uttoxeter Parish Church, John Prior, of Caterham, to Barbara Harvey, of Uttoxeter.
- Roberts—Green. On 25th October, at Uttoxeter, John A. Roberts to Alys Green.
- Rowntree—Felton. On 20th May, at Uttoxeter R.C. Church, Ian R. Rowntree, of Newborough, to Margaret G. Felton, of Uttoxeter.
- Sherwood—Holmes. On 30th December, Colin J. Sherwood to M. Heather Holmes.
- Simkin—Stubbs. On 6th May, at Leigh, Robert J. Simkin, of Cresswell, to Sheila Stubbs, of Leigh.
- Talbot—Wood. On 22nd July, at Rocester, James Talbot, of Dartford, to Mavis Wood, of Rocester.
- Taylor—Pattinson. On 30th September, at Alton, Lawrence Taylor, of Royton, to Ann Pattinson, of Alton.
- Thorn—Pepper. On 20th May, Edward Thorn to Joan Pepper, both of Cheadle.
- Ward—Atkin. On 14th October, at Leigh, Richard W. Ward, of Anslow, to Dorothy E. Atkin, of Leigh.
- Waring—Whysall. Ralph Waring, of Parwich, to Molly Whysall, of Uttoxeter.
- Webster—Cartwright. On 12th August, at Blithfield, John W. Webster, of Lincoln, to Anne Cartwright, of Admaston.
- Wordley—Barks. On 3rd December, at Oakamoor, Michael R. Wordley, of Whiston, to Dorothy Barks, of Oakamoor.
- Wrigley—Oakes. On 19th August, at Hollington, J. A. Wrigley, of Uttoxeter, to May Oakes, of Hollington.

NEWS OF OLD GIRLS

- Anderson, Margaret. Shorthand typist at Uttoxeter Police Station.
- Archer, Doreen. Secretarial work with English Electric Co.
- Ball, Grace. B.A. Hons. English, Class II, div. ii, at Liverpool University. Grace is now training for Child Care work in Oxford.
- Barnes, Eunice. Nursery Nurse trainee at Field House, Clent.
- Beasley, Diane. County Library, Uttoxeter.
- Bell, Jennifer. Fully qualified Physiotherapist in a post at Warwick.
- Boden, June. Physical Education mistress at St. Hilary's School, Alderley Edge.
- Bowling, Ann. Living in Sussex and has a post in a bank.
- Bradley, Jill. With Messrs. Parry and Cooper (Accountants), Uttoxeter.
- Bradley, Madeline. Now lives in Winchester.
- Brandon, Hazel. At home.
- Bridden, Brenda. Barclay's Bank, Uttoxeter.
- Brown, Jennifer. St. Gabriel's Training College, Camberwell.
- Burton, Yvonne. Clerk at Messrs. Bamford's.
- Buxton, Carol. Librarian, Borough Library, Dover.
- Cartwright, Barbara. Qualified as S.R.C.N. at Derby Children's Hospital.
- Cartwright, Dorothy. Crewe Training College.
- Cattermole, Angela. Angela went to the Royal Latin School, Buckingham, from Uttoxeter and has now been awarded a State Scholarship. Royal Free Hospital Medical School, London University.
- Copestake, Susan. Stoke-on-Trent Technical College.
- Eaton, Caren. Derby College of Technology.
- Foster, Susan. Two-year Business Course at Shelton Technical College.
- Gillbert, Brenda. Her Nativity Play, 'A Long Time Ago', has been published, with music, in 'Child Education'.
- Grant, Rhona (Mrs. Morton) is teaching in Australia.
- Green, Alys (Mrs. Roberts). State Registered Nurse.
- Hardwick, Geraldine. Burton Technical College.

Hargreaves, Mary. Social Science degree course at the University College of North Staffordshire.

Harris, Janet. Leek College of Further Education.

Harrison, Isabel. Shenstone Training College.

Harrison, Valerie. Derby Children's Hospital.

Heath, Iris. Catering and Food Technology Course at Stoke-on-Trent Technical College.

Heath, Rosalind. District Bank, Cheadle.

Hill, Sheila. Portsmouth Technical College.

Hopkins, Olwyn. Derby College of Art.

Hunter, Eileen. Stafford College of Further Education.

Jones, Bronwen. At home.

Jones, Valerie. Stafford College of Further Education.

Lacy, Helen. Norwich Training College.

MacDonald, Janet. Has passed her Hospital and State Finals in General Nursing at the Birmingham Children's Hospital.

Malbon, Kathleen. Teaching at Springfield Secondary School, Rocester.

Massey, Julia. Nelson Laboratories of the English Electric Co.

Matthews, Jillian. Student teaching.

Mellor, Ann. In the offices of R.E.M.E.

Moss, Joan. Shelton College of Commerce.

Moult, Janet. Laboratory assistant, Messrs. T. Bolton, Froghall.

Nicholls, Barbara. Gained the Ministry of Education Intermediate Certificate of Art at Stafford College of Art.

Nixon, Thelma. Hunting Engineering Co., Ltd., Luton.

Oakey, Pamela. Passed the Society of Radiographers' Examination, Part I, at the Derbyshire Royal Infirmary School of Radiography.

Phillips, Julia. Advanced Dressmaking, Hand-loom Weaving, Advanced Embroidery—Stafford College of Art.

Phillips, Pauline. Two-year Secretarial and Business Course, Stoke College of Commerce.

Phillips, Susan. Librarian in East Retford Library.

Plant, Grace. Manchester University.

Punchard, Carol. Barker and Dobson's, Checkley.

Ratcliffe, Elaine. Northern School of Music, Manchester.

Ratcliffe, Joan. North Staffs. Royal Infirmary.

- Roberts, Wendy. R.E.M.E. Army Office, Marchington.
- Robinson, Helen. Farming, at home.
- Rose, Gillian. Williams Deacon's Bank, Uttoxeter.
- Ryder, Jean. Whitelands Training College.
- Short, Anne. Teaching at Parkside Secondary Girls' School, London, S.W.2.
- Simms, Kathleen. Head of the History Department, The Mary Erskine School for Girls, Edinburgh.
- Smith, Dorothy (Mrs. Nixon) has gone to California where her husband, Dr. Nixon, has taken up a one-year post at the University of Southern California.
- Smith, Gillian. Junior Clerk, Welfare Services Department, Staffordshire County Council.
- Stanley, Patsy. District Nurse and Midwife, Wrockwardine, Wellington.
- Stevenson, Mary. Messrs. Bamford, Rocester.
- Swift, Joan. School of Radiography, Derby.
- Tatlow, Margaret. Birmingham Training College.
- Wake, Christine. Teaching in Coseley.
- Waring, Gillian. Shenstone Training College.
- Warren, Rita. Nursing Cadet, Nurse Training School, All Saints' Hospital, Birmingham.
- Webb, Celia. Lincoln Training College.
- West, Margaret. Teaching in an Infants' School in Wolverhampton.
- Westwood, Celia. Has returned to Australia where she plans to work at the Victorian Fisheries and Wild Life Department.
- Wibberley, Sandra. Biddulph Orthopaedic Hospital.
- Williams, Jenny. Wolverhampton College of Technology.
- Williams, Patricia. Teaching at the Junior School, Barton-under-Needwood.
- Williamson, Sheila. Westminster Bank, Uttoxeter.
- Wilson, Jennifer. Leek College of Further Education.
- Woolley, Carol. Messrs. Blackshaw's garage, Burton.
- Woolley, Joan. B.A. Hons. French, Class II, division i, at Sheffield University. Joan is now at the London Institute of Education.
- Wynne, Yolanda. Qualified as a State Registered Nurse at Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham, and now a pupil-midwife at Southmead Hospital, Bristol.

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